Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be briefe good Madame, for your face imports
A Tragicke tale behind that's yet vntold.
Her passions stop the Organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeth mis-befalne euents,
Out with it Lady, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap,
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
Shee weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elinors proud brat hath robd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of war:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne're so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These clouds wil fleet, the day wil cleare againe. *Exeunt.*

Card. Now *Lewis* thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to Englands Crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legat for your good conceit,
T'is best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *leading a Frier, charging him shew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier

Frier. Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenity, defend vs from ext
And heare vs for S. Charity, oppressed with aust
In nomini Domini, make I my homily,
Gentle Gentility grieue not the Cleargie.

Phil Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,
nere trust me for a groat
If this wast girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
when vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
to put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from night-spels & dreaming of
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Mary* sayin
From black Purgatory, a penance right sory:
Frier *Thomas* will warme you.
It shall neuer harme you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

2, *Fr.* For charity I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefest Frier,
The best in all our Couent sir,
to keepe a Vintners fire.
O strangle not the good old man,
my hostesse oldest guest,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors chest.

Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is a
If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for c
Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, though simple to
That wanteth not a thousand pouud in siluer &
My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the Abb
Ile pawn my life there is no less, to haue what ere

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy
come,